

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

A Song

With Piano Accompaniment

Words by
JAMES P. SINNOTT

Music by
MAY HARTMANN

PRICE, 60 CENTS

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK BOSTON



Somewhere in France

Words by
James P. SinnottMusic by
May Hartmann

Voice *Andante maestoso*

Piano *ff solenne* *dim.*



p

Some-where in France the li-lacs still are bloom-ing;

p



Some-where in France the big guns are

f



boom - ing; Some-where the sky-larks are sing-ing o-ver head;

rit. e dim. Some-where are sleep-ing a mil-lion of dead: *ff a tempo* Some - where in

France the li-lacs still are bloom - ing.

Some-where in France the wound-ed are ly - ing;—

dim.

f

dim.

Some-where in France sound the means of the dy - ing.

p

p

Some-where the moth-ers of men mourn to - night,

mf

mf

f *cresc.* *accel.*

Some-where they pray for their boys in the fight: _____

f *accel. e cresc.*

f *a tempo* *A molto rit.*

Some - where in France, _____

presto *a tempo* *f* *ff molto rit.*

mf *a tempo* *rit.*

some-where in France, _____

mf *a tempo* *ff* *rit.* *pp* *r. h.*



WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary
to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State
during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS

Composer of
"TO YOU"

With Mordal Spirit



Slower, with feeling.



HIGH IN Bb

MEDIUM IN C

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and grey
In a moment of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem lighter when the boys come home;
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home;
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fates of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disavow
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proud when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards battered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and hoarse faces,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

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G. SCHIRMER

New York